

# THE DIAL

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## A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

For some time past "The Athenæum" has published annual summaries of the current literature of Continental Europe, each country of importance being represented by a special article. To the year just ended are devoted no less than thirty-two pages of the issue for July 1 of our English contemporary, and the information given by this series of communications is of such interest that we feel justified in devoting considerable space to a summary of their contents. There are in all thirteen articles,

the countries represented being Belgium, Bohemia, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Russia, Spain, and Sweden. This list includes, it will be seen, every European country of any literary importance, with the two exceptions of Norway and Portugal.

M. Joseph Reinach, who is the French contributor to this symposium, thus comments upon the general literary situation in France:

"The word *crisis* is, indeed, the most applicable to the present state of French letters. They are on a field of battle where two different mental tendencies are struggling for mastery: science and metaphysics, criticism and belief, realism and idealism. Fifty or sixty years ago the same phenomenon appeared, and then romanticism triumphed over classicism, positivism over spiritualism, liberal ideas over the old principles of absolutism. Which will triumph to-day cannot be predicted with certainty. Perhaps neither of the tendencies which I have indicated will be victorious; perhaps the two currents of existing thought will continue to run parallel. At most one may discover under the vacillations of the moment an uneasiness in matters of social action, and in regard to letters in particular a growing belief that they are not merely a relaxation, an amusement, or a consolation, but that they ought to result in some direct teaching and help to man, tracing for him a line of conduct in life. This will be better understood after a rapid glance at the principal works of French literature during the last twelve months."

After a few comments upon the influence exerted over French thought by the two great men of letters who have recently died—Renan and Taine—M. Reinach begins his review with some remarks about M. Ernest Lavisse, whose "*Jeunesse de Frédéric II.*" is one of the notable books of the year.

"His talents as a sagacious historian and a fascinating writer have often been remarked upon, but he is, perhaps, less known as an educationalist to those who are not familiar with the progress and history of school-mastering. M. Ernest Lavisse has in this department left a very deep impress on the generation of young professors and their youthful auditors of the Faculty of Letters at Paris, where he teaches. After 1870 he held that it was the mission of the Ministers of Public Education, and especially of the professors of history, to know and make known the secret of our conqueror's power. That is why all his endeavors have been concentrated on the annals of Prussia and Germany. His success has been so signal, both in the quality of the matter and the excellence of the manner of his work, that the author of '*Etudes sur les Origines de la Prusse*' is recognized to-day as an incontestable authority on the point."

Studies of the French Revolution have figured

largely in the work of the past year, having been encouraged by the Society of the History of the Revolution, and by a special chair established by the Faculty of Letters at Paris. Some of the books in this department are M. Aulard's "Le Culte de la Raison et le Culte de l'Etre Suprême, 1793-1794," the fourth volume of M. Albert Sorel's "L'Europe et la Révolution," and M. H. Houssaye's "1815." Other historical studies are M. Thureau-Dangin's work on the reign of Louis Philippe, M. Spuller's work on Lamennais, M. Leroy-Beaulieu's "La Papauté, L'Eglise, et la Démocratie," and M. Benoist's "L'Eglise et l'Etat." In poetry, M. José Maria de Hérédia's "Les Trophées" is singled out for special praise. In fiction, the place of first importance is given to M. Zola's "La Débâcle," of which we read:

"When this work appeared its morality was the subject of much discussion. Some of its critics took exception to the mournful picture of the military disorganization, the despair and general hopelessness which marked the terrible downfall of the empire. Some, indeed, went so far as to accuse M. Zola of a serious lack of patriotism for having thus laid bare the story of our army's sufferings and defeats. These criticisms do not seem to me to have much foundation. The catastrophe at Sedan, terrible as it was, had certain lessons to teach, and it is well that someone should have interpreted them. There is a patriotism, as sincere and as ardent as the other, which finds in a defeat something to be learned and pondered over for future guidance."

Other noteworthy works of fiction are M. Bourget's "Terre Promise" and "Cosmopolis," M. Margueritte's "Sur le Retour," M. Prévost's "L'Automne d'une Femme," M. France's "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," M. Barrès's "L'Ennemi des Lois," and M. Lemaitre's "Les Rois." In criticism are mentioned a volume of essays by M. Brunetière, M. de Vogüé's "Heures d'Histoire," and M. Doumic's "De Scribe à Ibsen." M. Reinach concludes his article in the following hopeful strain:

"The ethic—or, to use a less pretentious word, the moral—character of literature is regaining importance. The most of our men of letters are writers with a thesis—even those who seem to sacrifice the least to the desire of proving a truth; and the most wayward allow themselves to be impressed by the serious problems of the moment. In poetry, too, symbolism—efforts to express what young theorists call 'the mystery of things'—is a sign of the general state of men's minds. It is the same with the historian in the choice of subject, and with the character and part some assign to critics. 'L'art pour l'art,' 'le désintéressement littéraire,' are phrases that have had their day, as well as descriptions of gross realities. The object of our best writers appears to be to teach men what one of them calls 'le devoir présent et l'action morale.'"

Herr Robert Zimmermann, who writes the

German article, says that the literature of his country at the present day has less to fear from a comparison with contemporary literatures than from a comparison with its former greatness, with the "time of its literary classicism and philosophical idealism," which is so obvious as hardly to be worth the saying. In dramatic literature, nothing published has been found worthy of the Grillparzer prize, which is awarded only to dramas of inherent worth and proved success upon the stage. We have mention, however, of Herr Fulda's "Das Verlorene Paradies" and "Die Sklavin," of Herr Sudermann's "Hirmat," of Herr Hauptmann's "Die Weber," of Herr Wilbrandt's "Der Meister von Palmyra," and of Herr Widmann's "Jenseits von Gut und Böse." The latter title is also given to the latest philosophical work of Herr Nietzsche. This is a very *fin de siècle* book, as appears from the writer's comment:

"The justifiable contention that the man who has arrived at complete moral control over himself no longer requires the leading-strings of duty and legal restraint goes too far when it is assumed that commands and precepts are only binding upon 'lower' mankind, and that the 'higher,' or so-called 'upper,' mankind is above the law and the opposite qualities of good and bad. The moral cynicism contained therein is veiled by the semblance of greatness that superiority to the law conjures up in the minds of naïve readers and onlookers."

Among novels, Herr Heyse's "Merlin" leads the list, followed by the "Per Aspera" of Dr. Ebers, the "Sonntagskind" of Herr Spielhagen, and the "Glaubenslos" of Frau von Ebner-Eschenbach. The Goethe Gesellschaft has been active during the year, and has done something towards the rehabilitation of Christianity. There has been no end of Bismarck literature, mostly ephemeral. Herr Nietzsche, besides the book already mentioned, has published the fourth volume of his principal work, "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Having fallen a victim to the curse of insanity, the career of this brilliant writer is probably closed.

Literature has been active in all three of the Scandinavian countries, and we much regret that Norway should be unrepresented in the "Athenæum" symposium. Herr Alfred Ipsen, writing from Denmark, tells us:

"The public is tired of books crammed with discussion, so that they seem the works of so many journalists—tired of a sterile realism, which has ended with giving us only photographs of life, disregarding the human soul's everlasting thirst for something beyond or behind reality. There is a feeling that we have had enough of sexual abnormalities and pathological phenomena—enough of stories of sinful and merely sensual love, detailed with minute accuracy. . . . Some point to Maeterlinck as the prophet to come, and comment



on his works, while they proceed to imitate him as fast as they can. Many still swear by Henrik Ibsen, and especially by his last esoteric dramas. French symbolists also are finding imitators and eulogists among our youngest writers, and Baudelaire has been canonized by a few young poets who 'have read him.'

The writer makes particular mention of the interest aroused in Denmark by the Shelley centenary, and of Dr. A. Hansen's translation of "Prometheus Unbound." A sumptuous monograph on Thorvaldsen is among the noteworthy books of the year, but the name of the author is not given. A great coöperative work on the Denmark of to-day is also mentioned. A dictionary of Danish national biography is being edited by Herr Hegel of the Gylden-dalske firm of publishers. Other books of importance are Professor P. Hansen's "History of the Royal Danish Theatre," Dr. Vedel's work upon Dante, and his "Kulturbærere" ("Bearers of Culture"), the latter being studies of Boccaccio, Petrarch, Chaucer, and others.

Herr Hugo Tigerschild, who writes from Sweden, thus characterizes the most important book of the year:

"The most remarkable literary production of the year is certainly Louis de Geer's 'Minnen' ('Memoirs'). Animated by an infinite love of truth, the aged statesman has bequeathed to his country the picture of a noble and upright, clear, if not altogether deep, personality, in whose life, both private and political, one can never detect any but the purest motives. At the same time he has imparted to us in these memoirs many important and hitherto unknown documents relating to Sweden's most recent history, which no one knows better than he who has taken such an active part in it."

The death of the Countess Leffler-Cajanello was the most serious loss of Swedish letters during the year; a posthumous sketch of her friend, Professor Sonja Kovalevski, is among the books of the year mentioned by the writer of this article. Another posthumous work of importance gives to the public the letters and memoirs of the great chemist Scheele, and proves, we are told, "to demonstration the claims of Scheele to be regarded as the discoverer of oxygen." The following extract from the Swedish article is of much interest:

"The difficulties which Swedish authors in the field of *belles-lettres* have to contend with, and which, so far as they result from the limited area of the language and the restriction of the book market to a very short period of the year, have already been touched upon in my previous review, have led during the present year to a combination of authors into an Authors' Union. The narrow circle which an author in Sweden can reckon upon, in consequence of the limited area of the language in general, is made even narrower than it need be by several other circumstances. A torrent of translations from foreign *belles-lettres* of very doubtful value,

not unfrequently acquired by publishers at unreasonably low prices, really floods the market, and competes with the works of original native authors. The Union has, therefore, set before it the task of ostracizing both bad translations and translations of bad books, and thereby establishing fixed minimum prices for both translations and original works."

The article on Italy is the work of Signori Ruggero Bonghi and Giovanni Zannoni, and the following extracts are taken from the opening paragraphs:

"It is scarcely fifteen years since the domination of current Italian literature by one or the other of two schools of poetic thought—if, indeed, they deserve the name—seemed inevitable, and that two possible ways only were open to it, one of which it must follow. The tendency of the one school was to revert to classical models, more particularly Horace, both in subject-matter and in form; the other followed in the steps of the latest examples of the French naturalistic school, borrowing all its worst features and all its exaggerations."

Of the men of the first school we read:

"But their existence was short. The very audacity of their aims, and the sickly wantonness of many of them, not only wearied the reading public, but soon roused its indignation. To-day the majority of these poets have no alternative but to be ashamed of their own verses."

The work of the other school is thus summarized:

"The classical school, on the other hand, had a nobler object and a wider scope. Giosuè Carducci set forth its guiding principles in a volume which contains some of his best lyrics. He showed by his work how the art of Horace could best be reproduced in Italian lyric poetry, how best to render to Italian ears the music of hexameters and pentameters, *alcaics* and *asclepiads*. To-day this neo-classic school seems also to be on the brink of dissolution, although it can still boast one or two good writers."

Signor Carducci, of course, remains the one great poet of contemporary Italy.

"On the 20th of September, the anniversary of the breach of the Porta Pia, it has now been for some years Carducci's custom to publish an ode on some national topic, inspired by the glory of our political resurrection. The title of this year's poem is 'Il Cadore.' Cadore possesses some of the most stirring memories in the north of Italy. Here it was that a long and fierce struggle took place against the Austrian troops. Cadore sent forth the best of her sons, her women, and her priests to fight for liberty so long as they had a drop of blood to shed. It was a truly heroic defense, worthy of being sung in epic and lyric strains, and Carducci has celebrated it in lofty patriotic verse."

After mentioning the "Odi Navali" of Signor d'Annunzio and the "Carmi e Odi Barbare" of Signor Razetti, the article continues as follows:

"The following tendencies are, therefore, to be noted in regard to the development of poetry in Italy at present, viz., the repudiation of the neo-classic style, even

by those who have themselves closely followed it in the past, and the rise of a lyric poetry whose aim is to be the exponent of the miseries of the wretched. Hence academic poetry with its fixed poetic systems is falling into disuse, and it is not possible to save it. Upon its ruins is rising a new type of lyric poetry, devoting itself to otiose meanderings. The first fact need occasion nothing but rejoicing; the second should warn us to advance somewhat circumspectly. Since a young poetess, Ada Negri, with the true poetic instinct, strong and original, has carried a generous wrath into glowing verses, too many have thought themselves to be inspired by the social muse; but its notes are harsh and sombre. No longer do we see the old-fashioned Arcadia with its piping shepherds, but another type of Arcadia—perhaps a less pleasing one—with its oppressed and its barricades.

Among novels we are especially asked to note Signor Praga's "La Biondina," Signor de Rossi's "Mal d'Amore," Signor Farina's "Amore Bugiarda," Signor Mambrini's "A Bordo," and Signora Serao's "Castigo." In miscellaneous literature, Signora Beri's "In Calabria," Senatore Pasolini's "Caterina Sforza," Signor Centelli's "Caterina Cornaro e il Suo Regno," and Signor Carducci's "La Storia del Giorno di Giuseppe Parini," seem to be particularly noteworthy.

Señor Riaño leads off his discussion of contemporary Spanish letters with some remarks upon the books called forth by the Columbus centenary. Among these we note "Autógrafos de Cristóbal Colon y Papeles de America," a volume of original documents published by the Duchess of Berwick and Alba, and Señor Asensio's "Fuentes Históricas Sobre Colon y America." The writer thus concludes the Columbus section of his article:

"To end with this topic, which is becoming rather tedious, I may conclude by saying that two important points have been gained: one is that it is almost certain that Columbus's birthplace was Savona; the other that Amerigo Vespucci never thought of giving, or pretended to give, his own name to the new continent discovered by Columbus, but that it was entirely the fault of those who drew the first charts of the discovered continent."

We are also told of the Congress of Americanists assembled last October at Huelva, and of the linguistic studies stimulated by that gathering. There has been of late a considerable revival in Spain of interest in Arabic studies, as the following paragraph will show:

"For some time past my countrymen seem to have arrived at the conviction that the study of the Oriental languages, and principally of the Magrebi or Western Arabic, is not only indispensable for the complete knowledge of the national annals, but also useful in view of Spain's mercantile and political relations with Morocco. Hence it is that the number of chairs or professorships at the universities has been increased; that manuscripts have been bought at Tunis, Algiers, and elsewhere; and

that numerous publications are daily being made on the history and geography of Mohammedan Spain. I scarcely need call your readers' attention to the collection of Hispano-Arab historians which the learned Professor of Arabic at the University of Madrid is now continuing, and the eighth volume of which, containing the text of Ebu Alfarradhi, a writer of the fourteenth century of our era, has just appeared. Under the title of 'Estudios sobre la Invasión de los Arabes en España,' Saavedra (Don Eduardo) has published what may be rightly denominated a luminous essay on the invasion of Spain by the Moors."

In *belles-lettres*, nothing of special importance has appeared during the year, unless we accord that distinction to "Mariana" and "Dolores," two comedies by Señor Echegaray.

M. Paul Frédéricq's Belgian article opens as follows:

"The two principal events in the annals of French literature in Belgium during the last twelve months are the republication of the 'Légende d'Uylenspiegel' of the late Charles de Coster, and the production at Paris of the 'Pelléas et Mélisande' of M. Maurice Maeterlinck."

Other works deemed worthy of special mention are M. Nautet's "Histoire des Lettres Belges d'Expression Française," M. Eekhoud's "Au Siècle de Shakespeare," M. Kurth's "L'Histoire Poétique des Mérovingiens," the conclusion of "L'Œuvre de P. P. Rubens," by M. Rooses, and the conclusion of the "Cours d'Histoire Nationale," by Mgr. Namèche. Of the latter work we read:

"The twenty-ninth and last volume of Mgr. Namèche's great 'Cours d'Histoire Nationale' has just made its appearance, although the author died, at the age of eighty-two, in January last. This volume stops at the year 1804, and deals with the history of Belgium under the Consulate. The first volume of this vast and scholarly composition was published forty years ago."

Among books written in the Flemish language, the writer gives the place of first importance to M. van Zuylen's "De Belgische Taalwetten Toegelicht," a work "designed to furnish an account of the laws on the official use of the two national languages." The death of Laveleye has been the great loss of the year in Belgian letters.

From Holland, Mr. Taco H. de Beer writes to inform us that "there is a dreadful monotony about the middle-class Dutchman and about the ordinary society of the Dutch East Indies, which form the staple materials of our novelists." The successes in Dutch fiction have been "Eene Illusie," by Mr. Couperus, "Johannes Viator," by Mr. van Eeden, and "De Brederos," a historical novel by Professor Jan ten Brink. Among plays, "Petrus Dathenus," by Mr. Hoogewerf, and "Het Goudvischje,"

by Mr. van Nounhuys, are noted. The following note is of curious philological interest:

"What might interest English readers is the appearance of a little book of Professor Bulbring, the well-known philologist from Heidelberg, who lately was made Professor of English at Groningen. The *oratio inauguralis* of the Professor of English at a Dutch university was delivered in — German! The professor's predecessor was never heard speaking English in public, nor will the present professor address his audience in that language. As Professor Bulbring discoursed about 'Wege und Ziele der Englischen Philologie,' it is rather curious that he did not prove by example that speaking the language is one of the aims of English philology."

Contemporary Russian literature is treated at some length by Mr. P. Milyoukov, who does not, however, find many important works to mention. What he says of the literary tendencies of the last decades is highly interesting.

"The 'men of the eighties,' who made a virtue of their want of principle, have been silent. It is not so long ago that they were making a stir and causing people to talk of them, although by no means formidable; but latterly, although certain publicists belonging to the party still continue to pour out the vials of their wrath, nobody pays them any attention. Again, during the 'seventies' a curious movement sprang up which was called 'going among the people,' and consisted in an adoption of the life of farm labourers by educated and cultivated young men, who thus established colonies amongst the peasantry which served as centres for the spread of socialism. During the 'eighties' these settlements succumbed to the prevalent tone, and, cutting themselves off from their surroundings, devoted themselves, partly under the influence of Tolstoy's teachings, to the work of self-perfection. To-day they have taken a new departure. They have recognized that this self-centred work of internal improvement leads inevitably to mysticism and sectarianism, and deprives them of all wider influence. In a word, the rise in the social temperature, which I recorded last year, continues unmistakably. The Russian social movement is clearly preparing itself for fresh and increasing efforts. To begin with, after putting aside the programme of the 'men of the eighties,' we have commenced an active survey of the social programmes of preceding periods. This is, indeed, the meaning of a renewal of the controversy between our liberals and our radicals, or party of the people; for in a country where eighty-eight per cent of the population are peasants, radicalism is bound to be popular."

A few of the publications mentioned by Mr. Milyoukov are the "Village Communes" of Vorontzov, an "Essay in Russian Historiography," by Professor Ikonnikov, and a volume of "Sketches and Tales," by Korolenko.

Mr. Adam Belcikowski, who writes of things Polish, calls our attention to "Lux in Tenebris Lucet," and "Do We Follow Him," both by Mr. Sienkiewicz, and both showing signs of an encroaching mysticism which we hope will not make of this great writer a second Tolstoy. "Charezy," a historical novel by Mr. Rawita,

and "The Annals of the Western Slavs," by Mr. Bogulawski, are other noticeable books of the year. Mr. V. Tille, the Bohemian correspondent, reports much Comenius literature, two volumes of poems and one of essays by Mr. Vrehlicky, the first part of Mr. Vlcek's "History of Bohemian Literature," and a general tendency towards realism. Herr Leopold Katcher, writing from Hungary, praises "The Gyurkovics Girls," by Mr. Ferencz Herczeg, the "True Stories" of Dr. Adolf Agai, Mr. Gracza's "Life and Work of Kossuth," and the "Social Economy" of Professor Földes. Mr. Jokai, also, has published a novel, "Brother George," in five volumes. This popular writer is soon to celebrate "the half-centenary of his literary activity"—or rather it will be celebrated for him by the publication of his collected works in a limited *édition de luxe*. Last of all upon our list comes an article from Greece, by Mr. S. P. Lambros, who tells us of Mr. Karkavitsas, and his tales, called "Diegemata"; of "The Eyes of My Soul," by Mr. Palamas, and "The Singer of the Village and the Fold," by Mr. Krystallis, both volumes being verse. With these notes we must bring to an end our digest of this very valuable series of articles, referring our readers to the pages of "The Athenæum" both for other titles and for further details concerning the books that we have singled out for mention.

#### THE AUXILIARY CONGRESSES.

The space at our disposal in the last issue of THE DIAL was so fully taken up with the account of the Congress of Authors that we were obliged to postpone our report of the four other Congresses held during the week ending July 15. The subjects of those Congresses were, as our readers have already been informed, Philology, Folk-lore, History, and Libraries.

#### THE CONGRESS OF PHILOLOGISTS.

The Congress of Philologists embraced the regular annual meeting of the American Philological Association, specially appointed meetings of the Modern Language Association of America and the American Dialect Society, a meeting of the Spelling Reform Association, and a number of general meetings for the consideration of papers not presented by the organized bodies of philologists above mentioned. The Congress assembled, as a whole, what was probably the most important gathering of philologists that ever met in the United States; and there is likely to follow, as one of its consequences, a series of biennial joint meetings of the philological societies of the country. The American Philological Association usually devotes the first evening



session of its annual meeting to an address, upon some subject of extra-philological interest, by the President for the year. Professor William Gardner Hale, of the University of Chicago, has occupied that position for the year just ended, and his address was given Tuesday evening, July 11, the subject being "Democracy and Education." It was a scholarly exposition of the particular perils to which the higher education is exposed in a democratic environment, and, in the case of our own country, opened a fairly hopeful outlook upon the future. Among the papers read before the Association at its subsequent sessions we may mention the following as of special value: "The Language of the Law," by Mr. H. L. Baker; "Vedic Studies," by Professor Maurice Bloomfield; and "The Remote Deliberative in Greek," by Professor W. G. Hale. On Wednesday and Friday mornings, there were held two "general sessions," devoted mainly to the papers offered by distinguished European guests of the Association. These papers included "The Connection between Indian and Greek Philosophy," by Professor Richard Garbe, of Königsberg; "Helles and Dunkles / im Lateinischen," by Professor Hermann Osthoff, of Heidelberg; "Indogermanische Ablautprobleme," by Professor Wilhelm Streitberg, of Freiburg (Switzerland); and "The Scientific Emendation of Classical Texts," by Professor E. A. Sonnenschein, of Birmingham. Other papers read at these sessions were: "Some Problems in Greek Syntax," by Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve; "The Relation of Philology to History," by Professor M. Bloomfield; and "The Ethical and Psychological Implications of the Style of Thucydides," by Professor Paul Shorey. A paper on "Unpublished Manuscript Treasures," by Mr. T. G. Pinches, of the British Museum, was presented at one of the sessions. Mr. Pinches had made his preparations to be present at the Congress, but was, at the last moment, detained in London by a vexatious lawsuit. A paper sent by Professor Michel Bréal, of the Collège de France, had for its subject "Canons of Etymological Investigation," and was made the basis of an interesting discussion, opened by Professor B. I. Wheeler. Another discussion, led by Professor M. Bloomfield, had for its theme the "Importance of Uniformity in the Transliteration of non-Roman Alphabets." The Association, before adjourning, transacted its regular business, and elected Professor James M. Garnett, of the University of Virginia, as President for the coming year.

The meeting of the Modern Language Association comprised two sessions, both on Thursday, July 13. Among the papers presented were: "The Language of the Sciences and a Universal Language," by Professor F. A. March; "German Philology in America," by Professor M. D. Learned; and "The Training of College and University Professors," by Professor A. Rambeau. The American Dialect Society and the Spelling Reform Association had one session each.

The sessions not held under the special auspices of the philological organizations were seven in number, and offered a preponderance of papers upon subjects in the department of oriental archæology. These papers were collected by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, and to this lady is due a special word of praise for her efforts in behalf of the Congress. Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, of Berlin, lectured upon Cypriote archæology; and Professor W. H. Goodyear, of Brooklyn, summarized the line of argument, based upon a study of prehistoric ornament, that has made him a firm believer in the non-Asiatic origin of the Aryans. Both these lectures were illustrated with the lantern. Other speakers and papers comprised in the programmes of these miscellaneous sessions were: "Old Testament History in the Light of Recent Discoveries," by Dr. William C. Winslow, who represents the Egypt Exploration Fund in this country; and "Cleopatra," a lecture by Dr. Samuel A. Binion, of New York.

The following papers (the writers not being present) were among those sent to be read at the Congress: "Greek Ceramography in Relation to Greek Mythology," by Miss Jane Harrison of London; "Schliemann's Excavations," by Mrs. Schliemann, of Athens; "Assyrian and Babylonian Libraries," by Professor A. H. Sayce, of Oxford; "Babylonian and Assyrian Archæology," by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, of London; and "Koptic Art and Its Relation to Early Christian Ornament," by Dr. Georg Ebers, of Munich.

#### THE CONGRESS OF HISTORIANS.

The Congress of Historians was called to order by Dr. W. F. Poole, on Tuesday morning, July 11, and was organized by the choice of Dr. James B. Angell, of Michigan University, as President, and Dr. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, as Secretary. These gentlemen hold the same positions in the American Historical Association, and nearly all the contributors of papers are members of the same Association. The sessions were continued morning and evening for three days, the afternoons being devoted to the Fair at Jackson Park. Notwithstanding the fact that five Congresses were in progress at the same time and under the same roof, the history sessions were attended by several hundred interested auditors, and the Congress was regarded by all as a complete success. Universities and colleges were largely represented in the scheme of exercises. Of the contributors of the thirty-three papers, three were presidents of universities and seventeen were professors, most of them professors of history. Of the other contributors, ten were well-known historical writers, and four were ladies, whose papers were among the most interesting read. It will be seen that amateur historians and sensational theorists had no place in the programme. President Angell was the reader of the first paper, his subject being "The Inadequate Recognition of Diplomats by Historians." It was listened to with great interest,



and set forth the eminent services of diplomatists, whose names, in connection with these services, are rarely mentioned by English and American historians. French and Continental writers have a better appreciation of historical justice. The discussion of "The Value of National Historical Archives," by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, of Saratoga, was one of the ablest and most practical papers read at the Congress. It depicted in eloquent and forcible terms the need of such a department at Washington. All the other great, and many of the smaller, nations of the world have departments of archives, and the United States has none. The student of American history must go, or send, to Europe, or to Canada (which has an excellent department of state papers), to find documents which should be in Washington. Mrs. Walworth concluded by offering a resolution to the effect that a committee be appointed to memorialize our national Congress to establish such a department. An earnest discussion followed, supporting the resolution, and it passed unanimously.

Dr. James Schouler, of Boston, and Dr. Charles J. Little, of the Northwestern University, happily discussed "The Methods of Historical Investigation" and "The Historical Method of Writing the History of Christian Doctrine." Dr. Fred. Bancroft read a paper on "Mr. Seward's Position toward the South from November, 1860, to March 4, 1861." On Wednesday morning, "Pre-Columbian Discovery," "Prince Henry, the Navigator," and "The Economic Conditions of Spain in the Sixteenth Century" were ably treated by the Hon. J. P. Baxter, of Portland, Me., Prof. E. G. Bourne, of Adelbert College, and Prof. Bernard Moses, of the University of California; and Prof. Lucy M. Salmon, of Vassar College, read a good paper on "The Union of Utrecht." In the evening the Hon. William Henry Smith, of Lake Forest, and Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, of Madison, Wis., read interesting papers on "Early Slavery in the Northwest" and "Early Lead Mining in Illinois and Wisconsin." Thursday morning opened with a scholarly paper by Dr. L. H. Boutell, of Chicago, on "Roger Sherman in the National Constitutional Convention," in which he replied to the claim made by Dr. Charles J. Stillé, in his life of John Dickinson, that Dickinson was the author of the provisions of the Constitution concerning the number and choice of Senators. Other excellent papers were read, which we have not space to mention. The time, during the six sessions of more than two hours each, was fully occupied, and it was necessary to omit the reading of papers when their writers were not present.

#### THE FOLK-LORE CONGRESS.

It is quite impossible to summarize, in any detailed way, within the limits of the space available, the results of a Congress that cost months of active preparation and extended through six busy days. Only the barest outlines can be presented. The Congress was planned and held in the face of op-

position and discouragement from organized bodies in London and Boston — the American Folk-Lore Society's Secretary declaring that it would be impracticable to hold a World's Congress in the United States at this time. In view of the phenomenal success of the Congress, these elements of difficulty and discouragement should be noted; as should the fact that the success is very largely due to the untiring labors and enthusiasm of Lieut. F. S. Bassett, chairman of the committee of arrangements. This was the third International Congress of Folk-lore ever held, and really the *first* to which all nations were invited, and in which representatives from nearly all civilized peoples of the earth participated. More than thirty nationalities were represented, one hundred persons actively participating in the literary exercises, and more than a hundred in the concert. Twelve sessions were held, at which sixty-eight papers and addresses were read and forty-seven separate songs were sung, in addition to the phonographic chants. The geographical range of the essays was unrestricted. The folk-lore of all lands was treated at the hands of those who were natives, or who had lived in the lands of which they spoke, from Corea to Dalmatia. Many distinguished folk-lore scholars from abroad assisted personally in this exposition of the folk-lore of Asia, Africa, Europe, and the two Americas. Among these were the Hon. John Abercromby, Vice President of the English Folk-lore Society; Mr. Michel Smigrodzki, of Poland, a member of the Paris Société des Traditions Populaires; Mr. Vucasovic, of Dalmatia; Mr. Mihic, of Serbia; Mr. Beers, Secretary of the New Orleans Society; the Hon. Lorin Thurston, of Honolulu; Dr. V. I. Shopoff, of Bulgaria; Mr. Paul Groussac, of Buenos Ayres; and Mr. Ludwig Krwyzinski, of Poland.

The scientific range of the papers read was also remarkable. No branch of folk-lore was unrepresented. Myths, legends, customs, superstitions, religions, songs, — in fact, all branches of folk-speech, folk-wont, and folk-thought, were dealt with. Particularly were the legends and customs of the American aborigines treated at the hands of such experts as Surgeon Matthews, Lieutenant Scott, Dr. Eastman, Mr. James Deans, Mr. Quelch, Lieutenant Welles, and Mr. Groussac. Dr. Matthews's wonderful collection of phonographed Navajo songs, and Lieutenant Scott's exposition of the sign language, were especially meritorious. Nor was the black man neglected. He carried off the honors at the concert, and in the hands of Miss Owen, Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Sheldon, his superstitions and customs and his strange literature were ably represented. Many of these essays were made more popular by the objects from strange lands used in illustrating them, — as, for example, Dr. Matthews's "Navajo Rites," Mr. Stephen's Hopi pigments, Mrs. French-Sheldon's African charms, Mr. Smigrodzki's tablet of the Svastika, and Mr. Quelch's South American musical instruments.

The bibliography of folk-lore has never received the attention here given to it. Signor Pitre for Italy, M. Sébillot for France and Creole literature, Señor Rodriguez for Venezuela, and the Rev. J. C. O'Hanlon for Ireland, fully presented the folk-lore bibliography of those lands. What may be called literary folk-lore received excellent treatment in Dr. Prato's exhaustive article on "The Symbolism of the Vase," Mr. Field's charming poem, Mrs. Catherwood's *Loup-garou* story, Professor Dragomonov and Mr. Head's "Taming of the Shrew," Dr. Carsten's analysis of Longfellow's "Golden Legend," and the Hon. John Abercromby's magic Finnish poetry.

But it was in folk-song particularly that this Congress excelled. Besides the full collection of Navajo songs made by Dr. Matthews, and the really beautiful folk-songs of Mr. Smigrodzki, Mr. Mihic, and Mr. Cable, a concert consisting of more than forty solos and choruses, and embracing folk-music from Japan, India, Ceylon, Turkey, Africa, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Bohemia, England, Italy, Scotland, Spain, France, Wales, and North and South America, was rendered by natives of those lands in the costumes and languages of the countries, and accompanied frequently by their own strange instruments. This concert, made possible only by the presence of specially-organized World's Fair choruses, and by the courtesy of various foreign commissioners, was given free to the public in the two great halls of the Art Institute, to more than six thousand people, the numbers given in one hall being repeated to the audience in the other immediately after their performance in the first. Mr. Frederick W. Root, who arranged the concert, deserves the greatest credit for successfully accomplishing this task, without a rehearsal, and with no precedent to guide him.

In the Folk-lore Congress, as in others, women played a very important part. Very much of the success of this Congress was due to the admirable tact, perseverance and effort of the acting chairman of the Woman's Committee, Mrs. S. F. Bassett. Eight essays were contributed by women, and much of the success of the concert was due to them.

#### THE CONGRESS OF LIBRARIANS.

The annual meeting of the American Library Association, which is always an occasion of very great interest to all persons engaged in library work, was merged, this year, into the Congress of Librarians, — the papers read and subjects discussed taking, in consequence, a somewhat wider range than is usual at the meetings of the Association. The Congress was opened on Wednesday morning, July 12, by the chairman of the local committee, Mr. F. H. Hild. Mr. Melvil E. Dewey, President of the American Library Association, who was selected to preside at the first day's Congress, delivered the opening address, in which he comprehensively reviewed library progress in the United States during the present century. He was followed by Mr. Fred-

erick M. Crunden, Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, who read an interesting paper on "The Librarian as Administrator." The second session of the Congress, on Thursday morning, was presided over by Mr. Samuel S. Green, Librarian of the Worcester Public Library, who read an able paper on "State Library Commissions." Mr. R. R. Bowker, of "The Library Journal," followed with a paper on "National Bibliography," and the session closed with a paper by Prof. R. C. Davis, Librarian of the University of Michigan, on "An Over-use of Books." On Friday morning Mr. Frederick M. Crunden called the third session of the Congress to order. The first paper was by Mr. Charles A. Cutter, formerly Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, who spoke on "The Note of the American Library." Mr. E. H. Woodruff, Librarian of the Leland Stanford University, read an admirable paper on "Present Tendencies in University Libraries." He was followed by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, President of the Chicago Public Library Board, whose remarks on "The Public Library in its Relation to Education" were listened to with the greatest attention. Among other papers read at this session were one on "The International Mutual Relations of Libraries," by Dr. Carl Dziatzko of the University Library of Göttingen, and one on "The Direct Interchange of Manuscripts between Libraries," by Dr. O. Hartwig, of the Royal University Library of Halle. Both of these papers were read by Mr. E. F. L. Gause, who had made excellent translations of the German originals. Two excellent papers were presented by women librarians; viz., Miss C. M. Hewins, Librarian of the Hartford Library Association, on "The Pictorial Resources of a Small Library," and Miss Jessie Allan, of the Omaha Public Library, on "The Library as a Teacher of Literature." The closing session of the Congress, on Saturday morning, was presided over by Miss M. S. R. James, Librarian of the People's Palace, London, who read a most interesting paper on "The People's Palace and Its Library." Mr. Peter Cowell, Librarian of the Liverpool Public Libraries, addressed the Congress on the subject of "How to Popularize the Public Library." Mr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton College, read a paper on "Library Science and Other Sciences," and was followed by Miss Tessa Kelso, of the Los Angeles Public Library, who gave an animated address on "Some Economic Features of a Library." Mr. William I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College, spoke on "The Library Catalogue of the Twentieth Century," and Miss Katherine L. Sharp, Librarian of the Armour Institute, read in conclusion an interesting paper on "The Library Exhibit at the World's Fair." For want of time, some six additional papers on the programme were read by title only before the Congress adjourned. Following the four sessions of the Congress, the American Library Association held six meetings, at the various libraries in Chicago, during the week beginning July 17.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## "PERHAPS AN ERROR."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In THE DIAL for July 1, I examined very briefly certain uses of *known to* and *unknown to*. The examination was ancillary to the more important inquiry, Has "F. H." ever erred? Following the same line of research, I now submit, with illustrative quotations, a word or two about *but*; premising, as in my former letter, that "F. H." has identified himself in the public press as the author of "Modern English."

Dr. Hall, or "F. H.," commenting adversely on Landor's praise of Gray's English, says:

"But is Gray's English, from the ordinary point of view, altogether faultless? Look at . . . his preterites *begun*, *run*, and *threw*; and his past participles *broke*, *chose*, and *wrote*. Add his . . . 'none but *they*'; 'nobody but *I*'; 'I have seen nothing, *neither*'; 'nor drink out of *nothing* but'; 'everybody . . . *them*.' In his *Progress of Poesy*, furthermore, he violates all idiom by," etc. ("Modern English," pp. 103-4, footnote.)

A careful reading of Dr. Hall's note can leave no doubt, I think, in the mind of anybody that the words and phrases quoted in it were regarded by Dr. Hall as bad English. And no doubt most of them must be so regarded now. But are they all bad?

Pausing first to remark that Gray wrote the English of his time, the grammar of which was very unsettled, I venture to say that "none but *they*" and "nobody but *I*" are very good English, — as good English as there is. Of course I don't mean that the prepositional use of *but* with the objective case is bad English.

" . . . although no man was in our parts spoken of but he for his manhood . . ." (Sir Philip Sidney, "Arcadia," Collected Writings, edition of 1598, p. 38.)

"There is none but he,

Whose being I do feare."

("Macbeth," III., i., First Folio, reduced fac-simile.)

"Not out of confidence that none but wee

Are able to present this Tragedie."

(Chapman, "Bussy D'Ambois," Prologue.)

" . . . yet who would keep him company but *I*?" (*Id.*)

"An humerous dayes mirth." (Tragedies and Comedies, London, 1873.)

"Then came brave Glorie puffing by

In silks that whistled, who but he?" (George Herbert, "The Temple" [*The Quip*], first ed., fac-simile reprint, p. 103.)

" . . . and none but they can carry Arms . . ." (James Howell, "Familiar Letters," Sect. I., xxx., ed. of 1645, p. 80.)

"The most obvious answer, then, to the question, why we yield to the authority of the Church in the questions and developments of faith, is, that some authority there must be if there is a revelation, and other authority there is none but she." (Cardinal Newman, "An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," London, 1846, pp. 126-7.)

"Under such circumstances, any men but they would have had a strong leaning towards what is called 'Conservatism.'" (*Id.*, "Historical Sketches," London, 1885, Vol. iii., p. 131.)

"And in his hand he shakes the brand

Which none but he can wield."

(Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome," Horatius, xlii.)

" . . . since none puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but *I*."

(Browning, "My Last Duchess.")

Our old young friend Casabianca turns up here. A remark in Wells's Grammar, citing

"The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but *him* had fled."

is quoted by Gould Brown in "The Grammar of English Grammars" (p. 596, 10th edition, New York, 1880). In the carefully printed Philadelphia edition (seven volumes, 1840) of the works of Mrs. Hemans, the lines read:

"The boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but *he* had fled."

Sometimes, of course, the objective case is required whether the construction be regarded as conjunctive or prepositional.

" . . . one that hath no other guide but *him*. . . ." (Sir Philip Sidney, "The Defence of Poesie," Collected Writings, edition of 1598, p. 498.)

The quotations from Cardinal Newman that are given above are especially interesting here, because Dr. Hall has expressed very emphatically his opinion as to the correctness of Newman's writing. In his "Modern English" (p. 292, footnote), he says:

"Dr. Newman, when writing at his best, comes nothing short of Addison, for grace, and, for correctness, is incomparably his superior. . . . Having studied nearly every line of Dr. Newman's voluminous writings, I am surprised to find how little there is in them, as regards words and uses of words, to arrest unfavourable attention."

And at page 329, he writes:

" . . . some of the choicest of living English writers employ it [a certain locution] freely. Preëminent among these stands Dr. Newman. . . ."

Some instances where Cardinal Newman's English has arrested the "unfavourable attention" of Dr. Hall are mentioned in his note at page 292, but the use of the nominative case after *but* is not among them.

R. O. WILLIAMS.

New Haven, Conn., July 23, 1893.

## ENGLISH DRAMA AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

To a student of the Elizabethan drama one of the significant facts of the times is the great interest in the drama manifested by the universities and public schools throughout the period. Not only were plays from the classics revived, but original compositions in Latin in great numbers were written and performed before the students, while many of the best productions of the English dramatists of the period were acted with great applause at Oxford and Cambridge. The universities, too, turned out, with or without honors, many of the most accomplished Elizabethan playwrights and poets, and in one way or another took no inconsiderable part in the development of that great drama which is now the pride of English-speaking people.

In these days of Independent Theatres and of university revivals of classic Greek and Latin plays, is it not a little singular that the universities do not go a step farther and attempt the revival of some of the neglected classic plays of English literature, as well as of Greek and Latin literature? Nothing could more strikingly serve both to emphasize and to promote the reviving interest in the study of English literature than attempts of this sort. It may be trusted that the ancient Puritanism of our colleges is sufficiently mellowed by time ere this to permit such a vanity, and surely among the many new methods of teaching literature none could be more engaging to the healthy taste of youth than this, and none could serve to connect the study more closely with life.

C.

Chicago, July 20, 1893.



## The New Books.

## MORE "RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE."\*

Those who have read Marianne North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" will approve the publishing by the editor, Mrs. J. A. Symonds, of a supplementary volume of "Further Recollections" containing certain earlier chapters of Miss North's journals omitted from the original work. We may say at once that while the new volume lacks the scientific interest of its predecessor, it easily surpasses it in wit and vivacity. The chapters now given were originally omitted, chiefly, as the editor tells us, because the journeys described were over what is nowadays comparatively well-trodden ground — an objection, however, which loses force in the case of narrators whose "travel-pictures," like Miss North's, are largely a reflection of temperament. Miss North had, in a special sense, her own way of seeing things. What she describes comes to us tinged and refracted, as it were, through a quite peculiar medium; so that it really matters little in point of novelty whether her observations are made from the deck of a Nile *dahabieh* or from the top of a Brompton omnibus, the results being in either case largely out of the average ken.

The most objective and guide-lookish of Miss North's descriptions have, however, a certain value of their own, in that they enable us to contrast the travel of thirty years ago with the more convenient, if less picturesque, methods of our own day. Railways and Cook's steamers had not then, in Spain and on the Nile, quite supplanted the leisurely arrangements of more primitive travel. The jogging, jingling caravan of mules is now, almost everywhere, a thing of the past; so is the old Spanish diligence — a delightful vehicle in which Miss North was whirled "at a furious pace over zig-zag passes and round shoulders of the Pyrenees, racing with a rival diligence in a most breakneck manner, too shaken and exhausted even to notice the wondrous change of vegetation." There is a big hotel now at Luxor! fitted with the "modern improvements," and affected by squads of Cook-forwarded pilgrims; and, in short, the ubiquitous railway, wafting abroad the winged seeds of the "Anglo-Saxon contagion," will in

a few more years have made travel, as the editor laments, "everywhere exactly alike."

"Further Recollections" is essentially a transcript of the journals kept by the author from 1859 to 1870, while travelling with her father in Spain, Switzerland, Egypt, and the Levant. The thread of continuity supplied in the opening volume by the scientific purpose of the writer's later journeyings, is here lacking. It is distinctly the work of a younger woman — of a fresh young girl with a fair stock of reading and a vast stock of animal spirits, whose keen enjoyment of the novelties of foreign travel is bracingly manifest in every page of her diary. Miss North was a specially stout-hearted and independent traveller, one of the sort whose elasticity of spirits is more than proof against the annoyances and discomforts that form the melancholy refrain of the narratives of less resolute pilgrims. The direst mishap serves, with her, to point a jest. At the very start, for instance, a precious portmanteau (*one portmanteau*, containing everything that this admirable woman thought necessary for a journey of several months) fell overboard in the harbor at St. Heliers:

"Everything was thoroughly soaked, and had to be spread out separately to dry; all my paints, paper, and dress (only one); for we took the least possible luggage, and yet had everything we really needed, even luxuries(?) including a bonnet, whose crown I used to stuff with a compact roll of stockings and cram into a hole left for it amongst my underclothing, just big enough to contain it: when taken out it would be damped and set in the sun, with the stockings still in the crown, and it stretched itself into proper shape again, and was the admiration of all beholders."

Very different, we may note in passing, from Miss North's slender effects must have been the baggage train of the American ladies (the "Skinners of Boston") whom she saw later at Philæ tripping about among the relics of the Pharaohs, appropriately dressed "in Worth's very latest fashions," and conveyed by a male apparition clad "in a complete suit of cineraria color, from stockings to cap." Sarcastic Miss North! She even goes on to say that, owing to this "Yankee incursion" (that is her disrespectful expression) from the Back Bay, "the place lost half its charm," etc.

A pleasanter American experience was her meeting with Miss Hosmer in Rome in 1860.

"Once Miss Raincock took me to see Gibson's young American pupil, Miss Hosmer, in a large unfurnished studio she had just taken, where she was preparing to make a portrait statue of some famous countryman, it was to be nine feet high, she said (looking herself like

\*SOME FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE. Selected from the Journals of Marianne North, chiefly between the years 1859-60. Edited by her sister, Mrs. John A. Symonds. With portraits. New York: Macmillan & Co.



a small child); she had only one chair, which she gave me, as the stranger; seating our old friend on the table, she mounted to the top of a high ladder herself, from whence she chattered and laughed with the happy air of one who is sure to please. Miss Raincock had once received a note from Gibson,—"That poor American girl has fever, come and nurse her," so she had packed up her old carpet-bag and gone at once to obey the order, thus forming a friendship for life."

But Miss North's turn for satirical portrait-ure was by no means reserved for Americans. Among the most amusing of her "Innocents Abroad" was a Frenchman, a fellow-passenger on the Nile boat, who was, she rather naïvely complains, "absurdly national and *unlike us in everything*." Curiously enough, Monsieur, on his side, seems to have been observing his English companions, and making, *mutatis mutandis*, the same conclusions about them. Says Miss North:

"He got up late in the morning, and came into the saloon in demi-toilette as we were finishing our breakfast, having been 'strangled' and frozen entirely by the cold, and, *mon Dieu!* he had no appetite! he would take a glass of lemonade and his narghile, and lecture us in the most polite and unreasonable way about the *bêtise* and English barbarism of fatiguing the stomach so early in the morning by eating; after a little while he would get faint with hunger, and declare the cold would kill him, and, *mon Dieu!* he would die if he got nothing to eat till so late, and *Achmet ya Achmet!* and then he began gorging like a boa-constrictor, stopping every now and then to explain how much better the food would have been if, etc., after which he began smoking again, and tried to draw, but, *mon Dieu!* he had no time; if he only had time he could do something of true merit. . . . Mr. S. confided to me that the Frenchman went to bed clothes and all, and that his toilette in the morning consisted of a thorough brushing downwards with the same brush, beginning with his hair, then his green velvet coat, and lastly his dear shining boots, *c'est tout, voilà!* He also complained that he could not get filtered water to wash in; if he could not get it filtered he would not wash his 'figure' at all. He was told Madame only used that of the Nile for hers. 'Madame was too good to complain, and besides she was an Englishwoman, bah!'"

Miss North visited Egypt in 1865, and she gives a lively account of the country and people and of her own experiences. The route from Alexandria ("a nasty, mongrel, mosquitoish place") to Cairo reminded her of the fens of Ely; but the country was richly cropped with cotton and Indian corn, with scarcely a tree to break the monotony of the view, and but few villages. The cottages were merely square blocks of hardened mud, windowless and with the flat roofs covered with pigeons, chickens, and cats; primitive ploughs, like the ancient models in old Egyptian carvings, were scratching the rich soil.

"The natives had that calm, soft type of countenance

that marks the old statuary of their country, large eyes and gentle expression, but no strength of character, and one could easily see that the old sculptors had before their eyes the ancestors of the present race, and that, though the ruling classes might be changed in Egypt, the fellahs or original population of the land are of the same blood as their forefathers."

Books might be filled, says Miss North, with the architectural wonders of Cairo, its elaborate arabesques, and lacelike patterns in stone-work, plaster, and wood-carving. The tombs outside the city were the greatest gems of all, though they were only visited by flights of falcons or stray Arab wanderers. Europeans seemed popular with the people, who were fond of showing off any words they knew. Miss North's donkeyman, like most of his tribe, was a special linguist. He knew "a few words of many languages, and made the most of them by transposing and reversing their order in a sentence; for instance, 'gentleman like donkey,' 'no gentleman like donkey,' 'donkey no like gentleman.' He told his beast where to go, and the clever creature trotted off right or left accordingly. 'Donkey speak English,' then the donkey always put its ears back and kicked out behind,"—a proceeding reminding one of the intelligent animal that carried Silas Wegg to "Boffin's Bower" on a memorable occasion.

The author confesses to having regarded things Egyptian "from a purely picturesque point," and was scolded for this by the Cairo clergyman's wife:

"Dear, dear, like all travellers, you wander hither and thither and see nothing with a proper object, everything from a false point of view. I suppose you never considered that on the precise spot where those Mameluke tombs stand the Israelites made their bricks without straw! And her husband took us to the top of a hill and showed us the very stone on which Moses stood to count the Israelites as they passed out of Egypt."

The start from Cairo was made the day after Christmas, and the author's record of the ensuing Nile voyage is studded with characteristic bits of vivid, semi-humorous description. At Luxor, Miss North visited the eccentric Lady Duff Gordon, whom she had seen twenty-five years before. Lady Lucie was picturesquely installed in some rooms raised up amongst the pillars of an old temple, "like a second story":

"She herself was old and gray, but had still the handsome face which had captivated me then, in spite of having burst two blood-vessels that year, and she said the air at Luxor did wonders for her. The natives all worshipped her, and she doctored them, amused them, and even smoked with them. They looked on her as something mysterious, and even rather uncanny, and respected her accordingly."

Later, at Karnak, Miss North was rather

startlingly reminded of one of Lady Gordon's early eccentricities:

"Once while painting, and quite absorbed in my work at Karnak, a man sat down close to me, and I said 'Good morning,' without looking up, till Hassan pulled my dress, and, oh horror! the man was holding a huge golden snake by the tail, a yard of shining, polished, slippery snake, quite straight and looking at me! I shouted and sprang away, and Hassan drove off the two wretched brutes. They take out the fangs of these tame snakes, but I hate even the sight of them now, though I used to like poor Lucie's pet when I was a child."

The justness of the following description of our heroine's first crocodiles will be recognized by those familiar with both terms of her comparison:

"One day we saw seven crocodiles, looking like rocks or shadows on the sand; we were disputing if they were really crocodiles, when the huge creatures curved their backs with a violent effort, raised themselves on what our Frenchman called their 'pattes,' and slid slowly into the water, as a fat lady descends from her carriage, with a certain waddle and air of importance."

Everything in Thebes appeared to Miss North "too stupendous," seeming, as she says,—

"To blunt my poor wits and pencil too, no cutting could get the wretched thing to draw straight; and then the flocks of Americans and 'backsheesh' people drove all peace away. The little women of eleven or twelve years old, who carried water jars on their heads, only supported by the palm of one hand, keeping up with our fast donkeys at a run, were very bewitching, with their bright eyes and easy graceful movements. They said they were all ladies, not girls, meaning they were married. 'You got wife?' they asked me. 'Oh yes, you have in house in England!'—as if I looked up my husband at home as they do their wives here."

Near the caves of Beni Hassan the writer encountered her first Egyptian "saint," who seems to have been, in some points, very like his historic prototypes:

"One morning we were surprised to see Achmet and the Reis go on shore amicably together, after incessant squabbling, for a walk, but a few minutes later a wild head with a mop of hair came suddenly out of the water and up the boat's side, and its owner seated himself on the edge and tied himself into a petticoat which he had brought on the top of the mop, and then proceeded to kiss all the sailors, who did not enjoy it, while we shrank closer into our cabin shell. The poor fellows all gave him some coppers, and after he had administered another hugging all round, he took off and folded up his petticoat, put it on his head, and dived and swam off to a boat full of corn near us, to levy the same tax. They said he was mad, and consequently a saint, and thus gained his own livelihood."

We shall close our extracts from Miss North's journals with the following description of the journalist herself, given by the Egyptian pilot who took the Norths up the river:

"This Bint was unlike most other English Bints, being, firstly, white and lively; secondly, she was gracious

in her manner, and of kind disposition; thirdly, she attended continually to her father, whose days went in rejoicing that he had such a Bint; fourthly, she represented all things on paper, she drew all the temples of Nubia, all the Sakkiahs, and all the men and women and nearly all the palm trees; she was a valuable and remarkable Bint."

The portrait is certainly more complimentary to its subject than to English "Bints" (we confess to some uncertainty as to the meaning of this term) in general.

There are three illustrations, including portraits of the author and her father, and a pen-sketch, by a fellow-traveler, which is so absurdly bad that it is difficult to account for its inclusion.

E. G. J.

#### AN EVOLUTIONIST'S ALARM.\*

Professor Calderwood's work on "Evolution and Man's Place in Nature" belongs to a class of books that may not inaptly be designated as "buffers." Their service is to soften the shock between new scientific doctrine and the dogmas of popular religion. This work has been done for the science of geology, and is now rapidly doing for the new biology that dates from Darwin. Those who have never experienced the need of a reconciliation between religion and science, and those who prefer to devise their own systems of "accommodation," will take but a moderate interest in "buffers." Acute metaphysical minds will find, in some form of Berkeleyian idealism, a way out from the disconsolate vision of a merely mechanical world, in which Darwinism, on a first hasty interpretation, seemed to issue. Crude literal materialism has been proved unthinkable, they will argue. Matter that contains in itself the power and potency of all forms of life and thought must be conceived as the manifestation of a power most nearly akin to what we know as mind. Belief in such a world-soul would seem mere pantheism. But it did not seem so to Berkeley; and Berkeley was right. With the Infinite and Unknowable, all things are possible. We cannot tell how far the roots of personality penetrate into the real nature of things; and since we have no right to dogmatize on either side, we may properly throw the weight of our moral and religious feelings into the scale of hope. Evolution explains the process, it does not explain away the fact, of creation. And, like other winds of scientific doctrine that terrified our fathers, Dar-

\*EVOLUTION AND MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE. By Henry Calderwood, LL.D. New York: Macmillan & Co.

winism, when the storm of controversy has died down, will be found to have left unshaken the pillars of man's faith in his higher spiritual destiny.

But there are many estimable persons who refuse to be soothed by these subtle considerations. Their alarmed imaginations require visible tangible barriers of defense—something like Professor Max Müller's Rubicon of language "which no brute will dare to cross." And it is for these that Professor Calderwood's book is chiefly designed. He finds that the continuity of evolution is interrupted at three points: (1) at the creation of organic life, (2) at the appearance of mind, (3) at the advent of "rational life." At each of these points he erects a barrier and assumes a direct intervention of the living source of all existence. In defense of the first barrier, he offers no argument beyond the generally acknowledged fact that spontaneous generation cannot now be experimentally verified. In separating by a sharp line of demarcation "rational life" from animal life, he follows Mr. Wallace, whose arguments he amplifies into an elaborate rhetorical exposition of the many distinctive qualities that differentiate the developed nineteenth century man from the animals. The one novel feature of his teaching is the affirmation (p. 340) that "the inferior type of mind recognized as belonging to the higher animals cannot be accounted for by evolution from sensory apparatus any more than rational power can be thus explained." Sensibility is coexistent with life. But no one, Professor Calderwood argues, would make mind coexistent with life, for that would be to assign mind to the oyster, and pass as by a dissolving view into the Hegelian monism. The difference between sense-discrimination and mind, or intelligence proper, is that the latter not only distinguishes sensations, but recognizes their significance, interprets them as signs of something else. The power of the higher animals to do this,—the ability of a dog, for example, to understand our signs,—cannot be accounted for by the structure of the brain. To explain it we must assume a higher form of intelligence independent of the organism, and yet radically distinct from the active power of inventing signs for his own rational or moral ends, which is the peculiar prerogative of man. It would seem that the poor Indian's untutored mind was not so far astray, after all, in thinking that,

"Admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

It is hardly worth while to attempt to clear up the psychological misconceptions involved in this ratiocination. The rigid distinction between mere sense-discrimination in the oyster and the interpretation of sensation in the higher animals is of course untenable, for the simple reason that there is no case of sense-discrimination unaccompanied by a corresponding interpretation. Even the *amœba* interprets *soft* as organic and digestible, and *hard* as inorganic and indigestible, and shapes its action accordingly. And from the *amœba* to the dog the correspondence between immediate sensation and consequent action based on "interpretation" develops too gradually to admit of the drawing of any absolute dividing line. We may say, if we please, that the reaction in the *amœba* is purely physiological or mechanical, while in the dog it is accompanied by consciousness. But the only basis for such an assertion would be the fact that the dog has a brain and the *amœba* has none. And Professor Calderwood's contention is that the higher faculties of the dog are in no way expressed in his physical structure. In fact, the attempt to "draw the line" anywhere except between man and the animals is not a serious issue in contemporary speculation, and the loose reasoning of this book will not make it one.

PAUL SHOREY.

#### THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC.\*

"There is nothing in history more strange and yet more true than the story that has been told so often, but which never palls in its interest,—that of the life of the maiden through whose instrumentality France regained her place among the nations."

Thus does the latest historian of Joan of Arc introduce his story of her life. And he adds:

"Sainte Beuve has written that, in his opinion, the way to honor the history of Joan of Arc is to tell the truth about her as simply as possible. This has been my object in the following pages."

It is no reproach to Lord Ronald that he has told the story of the heroine whom his mother loved ("my mother," he says, "had what the French call a *culte*" for Joan of Arc) rather as the affectionate admirer than the cold-blooded critic. There are times, indeed, when the judicial spirit looks ungraceful, especially in a young man. The book is written in a style of graphic simplicity, with as little affectation in

\*JOAN OF ARC. By Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. London: John Nimmo. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



the point of view or arrangement as in the dictation. Through his very straightforwardness and idiomatic energy, the author often grows truly impressive and pathetic; while we never lose our faith in his truthfulness or his common sense. He has graphically rendered Jeanne's lovable qualities—those qualities that saints and martyrs, alas! do not inevitably possess. She is more than Michelet's woman of genius in these pages—more even than De Quincey's heroic saint. To Lord Ronald, whose research has breathed the breath of life into this dim and lovely shade, she is just the gentle, infinitely compassionate, but not unwise woman, who is the guardian angel in her family, or her village, or her nation, as opportunity may offer. Her people were well-to-do farmers, her father holding a certain position in the community as the oldest inhabitant (*doyen*) of the village, and ranking next to the mayor. The family owned "about twenty acres of land, twelve of which were arable, four were meadowlands, and four were used for fuel." Besides this, they had some two to three hundred francs kept safe for use in case of emergency, and the furniture, goods, and chattels of their modest home. "All told, the fortune of the family of Joan attained an annual income of about two hundred pounds of our money." A thousand dollars a year needs doubling, if not trebling, to reduce it to our standard; and Lord Ronald very sensibly remarks that it was "a not inconsiderable revenue at that time; and with it they were enabled to raise a family in comfort, and to give alms and hospitality to the poor."

Of this family, Jeanne was the fifth child, and, it would appear, was rather indulged by her parents. She was not, for all the wonderful visions that saved France, a mystic or a solitary; she joined in all the sports of her playmates, and was a leader and a favorite.

"She loved her mother tenderly, and in her trial she bore witness before men to the good influence that she had derived from that parent. . . . All that we gather of Joan's early years proves her nature to have been a compound of love and goodness. . . . From her earliest years she loved to help the weak and poor; she was known, when there was no room for the weary wayfarer to pass the night in her parents' house, to give up her bed to him, and to sleep on the floor by the hearth."

She was a pious little girl, and loved to listen at her mother's knee to the recital of the marvels of the saints; she was also patriotic, and almost as dearly loved to hear the brave deeds of Frenchmen in war. Her mother would rehearse these legends while spinning; and the little, glowing-faced maid would listen

while her heart swelled. But though she felt intensely, she was a reticent child. No doubt the worthy Isambeau, or Mère D'Arc, sometimes whispered to a confidant that Joan "was never one to talk, but as good and willing a child as ever breathed,"—for, after all, vary the idiom, and the language of mothers is the same in all tongues and all generations. Perhaps, had the mother lived she might have persuaded Joan out of her visions—which had been the better for Mère d'Arc's daughter, and the worse for France.

It was a strange, heavy time,—a time of dreams and portents, a time of misery in many forms. There had been famines and horrible new diseases. The crazed and starving peasants had risen in revolt, aimlessly striking at the nearest, rushing about like mad dogs, biting, and being at last hunted down, at the end of a useless, brutal, bloody struggle. There were two popes, and religion itself seemed shaken. Society was in a ferment. In such times superstition flourishes. To Frenchmen especially, the day was full of bitterness. The French king had been stripped of his provinces until there remained to the dauphin, north of the Loire, only "a pitiful half-dozen places." No wonder visions came to the French maiden whose heart was hot with brooding over the humiliation of her country! Whatever they were—and we need not follow Michelet into an ingenious psychical dissertation, since Joan's character depends on their veracity not at all,—she undoubtedly counted them real, "and was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

It is a wonderful tale, that of her determining to forsake all that she loved, to lead the troops of the dauphin, "out of the great pity that she felt for the land of France"; her journey to the dauphin, and the manner in which her superb enthusiasm, her modesty, and her natural shrewd sense conquered first the common people (who never fail to respond, for good or evil, to the note of genuine and tremendous earnestness), then the soldiers and the nobles, last of all the priests themselves. Was the Maid a great general? Was she a leader? Or was she simply an enthusiast who came at the right moment?

No one can read the most direct accounts without suspecting that Joan had a long head. She knew nothing of the technique of war—which, it is to be remembered, was simpler far in those days than these,—but she intuitively seized upon the wisest plan of campaign, possibly because it was the most daring. Her per-



sonal courage is as well established as anything can be. Lord Ronald loves to dwell on it. Wounded at the siege of Orleans, she pulled out the arrow with her own hands, and then (having piously made her confession) returned to the fray and inspired the wavering soldiers. At Jargeau,—

"A stone from a catapult struck Joan on the helmet as she was in the act of mounting a ladder—she fell back, stunned, into the ditch, but soon revived, and rising, with her undaunted courage, she turned to hearten her followers, declaring that the victory would be theirs. In a few moments the place was in possession of the French."

At Troyes, the king, considering attack of so strongly fortified a place hopeless, would have abandoned the expedition to Rheims (since he dared not leave such a hornets' nest in his rear); but Joan pushed on the preparations for attack with such ingenious and overwhelming energy that the citizens of Troyes surrendered without a blow. Thus Charles advanced to Rheims, and was crowned King of France. No wonder her biographer exclaims enthusiastically:

"How had she been able not only to learn the tactics of a campaign, the rudiments of the art of war, but even the art itself? No one had shown a keener eye for selecting the weakest place to attack, or where artillery and culverin fire could be used with most effect, or had been quicker to avail himself of these weapons. No one saw with greater rapidity—(that rarest of military gifts)—when the decisive moment had arrived for a sudden attack, or had a better judgment for the right moment to head a charge and assault."

And he adds that the professional soldiers about her could only explain her victories by the belief "that in Joan of Arc was united not only the soul of patriotism and a faith to move mountains, but the qualities of a great captain as well."

All testimony agrees that Joan was more than a narrow zealot. She had nothing of the furious, almost venomous, partisanship that sometimes darkens her sex's devotion to a cause. Because she was a French patriot she was not therefore a hater of the English. Memoirs of her are full of her compassion for the foe. She ministered to the English wounded after the fight; "as far as she could, she prevented pillage"; even in the fury of battle she restrained her followers. Indeed, as Lord Ronald says, "she may be considered the precursor of all the noble hearts who in modern warfare follow armies in order to alleviate and help the sick and wounded." This were enough, had Joan no other claim on our reverence, to win it. The peasant from Domr  my was the first of the Red Cross knights.

Even at this distant time, it is a painful task to follow the cruel ending of the story. The intrigues of jealous courtiers and of unsuccessful and envious captains on the French side helped the open enmity of the English. Their motives are clear enough: to discredit Charles's title, their only hope was to show that the Maid was a witch, thus putting the king in the odious position of being in collusion with the powers of evil. Joan was wounded, captured, sold to the English; and the ensuing drama was inevitable. She was tried as a sorceress. Lord Ronald quotes very fully from the notes of the *proces-verbal*, and it is interesting to see, even in this record of her enemies, how clearly the large sense and elevation of mind of this wonderful girl appear. When asked in what language her voices conversed,—*"They speak to me in soft and beautiful French voices,"* said she. *"Does not Saint Margaret speak in English?"* was the instant inquiry. *"How should she,"* was her answer, *"when she is not on the English side?"*

She disclaimed anything miraculous in the revival of an apparently dead infant because of her prayers; she said, as she had said at the time when the populace besought her to cure sickness by the touch of her rings, that she could not cure the sick. She refused steadily to betray anything that might harm the king, who had made no effort to save her. Once Beaup  re asked her the usual medi  val test question, whether she was in a state of grace. She avoided the presumption of confidence and the danger of denial in much the same manner that an English martyr did later, answering: *"If I am not, may God place me in it; if I am already, may He keep me in it."* When asked what she thought of the murder of the Duke of Orleans, she answered out of a pure and merciful heart; and no statesman could have spoken more wisely, since she neither inculpates Charles nor approves the infamous act. She said: *"It was a great misfortune for the kingdom of France."*

But where the victim is condemned beforehand, what avails defence? There is no need to repeat the brutal and treacherous devices of Beauvais. He was paid his price and earned his wages. Baffled by Joan's constancy, her enemies did not scruple to resort to torture as a persuader of confession. They brought Joan to the rack; and there are few nobler answers than the words spoken by this lonely girl, deserted by all except her dauntless soul, sick and feeble, and exhausted by a most cruel im-

prisonment. "Even," she said, "if you tear me limb from limb, and even if you kill me, I will not tell you anything further. And even were I forced to do so, I should afterwards declare that it was only because of the torture that I had spoken differently."

But when fear failed, fraud succeeded. Just what happened at the stake, where Joan was persuaded to make what was proclaimed by the English to be a recantation, it is difficult to decide. De Quincey vehemently rejects the "calumny," as he calls it. Michelet believes that she tried to save her life; "whether she said the word, is uncertain; but I affirm that she thought it," is his phrase. But Michelet had his own theories of women, which it was necessary to his peace of mind that he should support in the case of every woman; and a little twisting was sometimes necessary. It appears from obtainable evidence that Joan, — how worked upon, who shall say? — did put her mark to *something* that day in the square at Rouen, when she was brought to the stake and taken away. In view of her courage before and of her fortitude afterward, the most likely solution is that she was as much tricked as bullied into an abjuration that she only half comprehended. Certain it is that she seems to have believed herself to have only promised to abandon her man's dress and to submit herself to the will of the church. Cochon's plot appears the more atrocious the more it is investigated. The unfortunate girl protected her modesty at the cost of her life. She resumed the man's dress that she was forbidden to wear; and whether the danger were real, or only a base threat, it was equally efficacious. Joan was brought before her judges. She admitted that she had seen her supernatural guides, that they had told her that she had "committed a bad deed" in denying what she had done. "Then," cried the bishop, "you retract your abjuration?" "It was," said Joan — and this is the clearest testimony we have on the vexed subject — "it was from the fear of being burnt that I retracted what I had done; but I never intended to deny or revoke my voices." And when Cochon asked her if she no longer dreaded being burnt, she answered, "I had rather die than endure any longer what I have now to undergo." Whereupon Cochon fared gaily to Warwick and said to him in English, "You can dine now with a good appetite. We have caught her at last." On the 30th of May, 1431, — the next day but one, — Joan of Arc met her dreadful fate. She died with a patience and constancy — the first

natural recoil past — that affected even her judges and made an indelible impression on the weeping spectators. And not only on the spectators: the imagination of France has never been more deeply stirred. Twenty years later, the French clergy, after a solemn trial, rehabilitated the memory of Joan. Her family was ennobled, and monuments were erected by the king to the giver of his crown: a tardy justice, to which, however, was added what Joan would have valued more than all — the enduring love of her countrymen.

Lord Gower's book is printed and illustrated sumptuously; the etched illustrations of the scenes of the story being supplied by Mr. Lee Latrobe Bateman, who made the sketches from the spot during a pious journey which Lord Ronald and he made together to the scenes of Joan's life. It is seldom, I may add, that one leaves a work of history with a feeling of more confidence in the research, judgment, and conscientious fidelity of the historian.

OCTAVE THANET.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Studies of the Greek Poets.*

The two volumes of "Studies of the Greek Poets," by the late J. A. Symonds, have just been reissued in a stately third edition (Macmillan), with a few changes from earlier forms of the text. Of these changes, the only one at all noteworthy is the new chapter upon the recently discovered mimes of Herondas, which includes long translated passages. The chapters have been arranged in a better chronological order than before, some further translations have been inserted, and an occasional footnote appended. In one of these foot-notes, the author gives his reasons for not re-casting more fully the text of the work. "Owing to the way in which they were first composed, it is impossible to avoid a certain amount of repetition without a laborious re-casting and re-writing of all the chapters. That would involve a thorough-going change of style, and would deprive the work of the one quality it claims — youthfulness." We think it best, on the whole, that such a revision should not have been attempted, for the "youthfulness" of the work — that is, its spirit of generous enthusiasm for its subject — is the very quality that has made it the most useful, if not the most important, of the author's many books. For young readers, whether students of Greek or not, these chapters offer the best introduction in our language to the study of Greek literature; and in these days, when the value of that study is questioned more than ever before, such books are capable of doing a world of good. We do not know, either, that the author's riper judgment could have

given better form to the general conclusions resulting from the study of Greek thought as expressed in Greek poetry. Such a passage as the following, for example, is wholly admirable: "We must imitate the Greeks, not by trying to reproduce their bygone modes of life and feeling, but by approximating to their free and fearless attitude of mind. While frankly recognizing that much of their liberty would for us be license, and that the moral progress of the race depends on holding with a firm grasp what the Greeks had hardly apprehended, we ought still to emulate their spirit by cheerfully accepting the world as we find it, acknowledging the value of each human impulse, and aiming after virtues that depend on self-regulation rather than on total abstinence and mortification. To do this in the midst of our conventionalities and prejudices, our interminglement of unproved expectations and unrefuted terrors, is no doubt hard. Yet if we fail of this, we lose the best the Greeks can teach us." A book so sane in its essential doctrine may well be pardoned a few outbursts of florid rhetoric and a certain amount of exuberant verbosity. It is doubtless open to much minor criticism, as, for example, in the passage which speaks of Molière's "courtly and polished treatment of disgusting subjects"—a comment that does not come with good grace from one who censures Hallam for precisely the same sort of comment upon Marlowe; but criticism of this sort we are willing to forego, contenting ourselves with an emphatic protest against the publication of such a work without an index.

*A diagrammatic treatment of English Literature.*

Mr. William Renton's "Outlines of English Literature" (Scribner) is a "University Extension Manual," and, as such, hardly appears to fulfil its purpose. As an introduction to the subject it would be found confusing, although it has much suggestiveness for readers who already know the history of our literature. Its defect, as far as beginners are concerned, is found in its insistence upon a rather obscure system of philosophical classification and criticism. It professes to deal with types, schools, and epochs rather than with individuals, but the interest of the beginner is only to be awakened by an extremely individual method of treatment. He is told, for example, that Marlowe's chief discovery was "that in the universal and *a posteriori*, not the exceptional and the *a priori*, is to be found the true source of human interest and interpretation"—from which statement he is not likely to learn much. Mr. Renton makes use of many ingenious formulas and diagrams in illustration of his subject. The formula for Shakespeare, for example, is this:  $(s+p) S+(v+h) T$ , which, being interpreted, means "spontaneity and pregnancy of Suggestion combined with variety and harmony of Treatment." When the scientific treatment of literature culminates in such pseudo-mathematical forms of expression, it is time to call a halt. The variety and ingenuity of the author's diagrams—for he makes

much use of the graphic method, as well as of the algebraical—defy any attempt at mere description. One of the less complicated of the figures gives us the abstraction Nature as a centre, and groups about it, at quadrant intervals, the four other abstractions, Will, Soul, Sense, and Spirit. The names of eight nineteenth century poets link together the circles representing these abstractions; thus, Byron is the poet of Nature and Will, Shelley of Nature and Soul, Keats of Nature and Sense, Wordsworth of Nature and Spirit. In an outer circle, Spirit is linked with Will by Mr. Roden Noel (whose name had to be dragged in for the sake of diagrammatic symmetry), Will with Soul by Browning, Soul with Sense by Mr. Swinburne, and Sense with Spirit by Tennyson. The description of such a diagram is its best *reductio ad absurdum*. The structure of literature is too organic to admit of being thus mechanically explained. The author seems to be fairly accurate as to historical fact and sane as to criticism, although we do not agree with him in making Balzac inferior to Thackeray, in singling out Mr. Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse" as one of the poet's most remarkable works, or in a number of other and minor matters. And it is at least amusing to be told that Berkeley, in "The Querist," "anticipated the Political Economy of Smith and Ruskin." Mr. Ruskin would not thank the author for that.

*A condensed history of the Italian Republics.*

Sismondi's "Républiques Italiennes," in ten volumes, albeit a work which fascinates, is somewhat formidable to one who is seeking a general knowledge of the Italian city republics of the middle ages. Miss Duffy has done well to give us a portion of all this in a single volume, in her "Tuscan Republics and Genoa" (Putnam). Considering the length of centuries that she deals with, and the lack of unity involved in a history of five states—Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, Florence, and Siena,—she has produced a very successful narrative. She truly emphasizes the fact that communal institutions here did not come down from the Roman time, but sprang up amid the confusion and neglect of the Germanic settlements and the early feudal period. Florence, as is right, gets the largest treatment,—and the narrative is well handled as it passes from consuls to podestàs, podestàs to Signoria, and as the power is snatched by *popolani* from *grandi*, only to be handed over to Medici patrons and tyrants. It is a pity there is much slovenly writing in the volume, for a good book is worth making slowly. Such writing as, "In other places, notable in Lombardy," "conferred sole possession to the property," "Pisa's wealth and outlaying interests," "a change came over the government," is not creditable. An interpreter is needed for such sentences as, "Florence owed its final great prosperity to its position midway between the Mediterranean coast and Rome" (a map will not elucidate it), or "Henry IV. had conferred on Lucca the privilege of trading freely



throughout his dominions, and this fact explains the passionate jealousy of Pisa, which, desirous of expanding inland, found an insurmountable obstacle to this aspiration of its neighbor." One would wish to have seen a fuller account of Siena and some recognition of Arezzo in a Tuscan history.

*More portraits  
of women of the  
French Court.*

"Women of the Valois Court" (Scribner) is the initial volume of a fresh sub-series by the indefatigable M. Imbert de Saint-Amand. The volumes differ from their predecessors in that their interest is still more largely personal, each one containing a series of detached historical portraits. In the number before us, for instance, there are portraits, pictorial as well as verbal, of Marguerite of Angoulême and Catherine de' Medici, and, subordinately, of Diane de Poitiers, Marguerite of Valois, Marie Stuart, and others. The author's style is as showy and vivacious as ever, and he has interwoven in his own narrative the usual proportion of quotations from the authorities, and from diaries and letters, of the period. Balzac's opinion of Catherine is sufficiently striking. Nothing, not even Saint Bartholomew's, gives him pause in his enthusiasm for his heroine. In his eyes, "the figure of Catherine de' Medici appears like that of a great king. 'The calumnies once dispelled by facts, recovered with difficulty from the falsities and contradictions of pamphlets and anecdotes,—everything can be explained to the honor of this extraordinary woman, who had none of the weaknesses of her sex, who lived chastely in the midst of the amours of the most licentious court of Europe, and who, in spite of her meagre purse, was able to build admirable monuments, as if to repair the losses occasioned by the demolitions of the Calvinists, who inflicted as many wounds on art as on the body politic.' The extracts in the volume, brought thus together in compact and accessible form, are of great value to the student. The book is withal full of romantic interest, and is more readable than the general run of books that profess to be nothing else.

*A guide to reading  
and making verse.*

In "Orthometry" (Putnam), Mr. R. F. Brewer has attempted a fuller treatment of the art of versification than is to be found in the popular treatises on that subject. While the preface shows a tendency to encourage verse-making, as unnecessary as it is undesirable, the work may be regarded as useful in so far as it tends to cultivate an intelligent taste for good poetry. The rhyming dictionary at the end is a new feature, which will undoubtedly commend itself to those having a use for such aids. A specially interesting chapter is that on "Poetic Trifles," in which are included the various imitations of foreign verse in English. The discussion of the sonnet, too, though failing to bring out fully the spiritual nature of this difficult verse form, is more accurate than might be expected from the following sentence: "The form of the sonnet is of Italian origin, and came into use in the fifteenth

[sic] century, towards the end of which its construction was perfected, and its utmost melodious sweetness attained in the verse of Petrarch and Dante." In the chapter on Alliteration there are several misleading statements, such as calling "Piers the Plowman" an "Old English" poem. In the bibliography one is surprised not to find Mr. F. B. Gummere's admirable "Handbook of Poetics," now in its third edition. In spite of these and other shortcomings, which can be readily corrected in a later issue, this work may be recommended as a satisfactory treatment of the mechanics of verse.

*Beautiful reprint of  
the Hebrew text of  
the Old Testament.*

The public has already heard more or less of the translation of the Old Testament writings, undertaken sometime since by a group of the most eminent European and American Semitic scholars, and already well under way. The projectors of this great enterprise have also included in their plans the publication of the complete Hebrew text of the Old Testament, in a series of volumes to be the exact counterparts of those making up the English edition. There will be twenty of these parts altogether, and, through the generosity of an unnamed friend of the enterprise, they are offered to subscribers at a very low price. Part the first, containing the text of the book of Job, edited by Professor Siegfried, of Jena, has just been issued, and, in its Leipzig typography, is a very beautiful piece of work. The text is printed in colors by a new process, the invention of Professor Haupt, the general editor of the series. Interpolations and parallel compositions are thus distinguished from the primitive portions of the text, a feature which those who use the book will not be slow to appreciate. The text has been left unpointed except in ambiguous cases. The Johns Hopkins Press is the American agent for this work, and will receive subscriptions for the whole work or for the separate parts as issued.

*Narrative of a  
Polish adventurer.*

Volume 17 of "The Adventure Series" (Macmillan) contains a reprint of Nicholson's translation (1790) of Count de Benyowsky's "Memoirs and Travels in Siberia, Kamchatka, Japan, the Liukiu Islands, and Formosa." The book is edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver, who, in his exhaustive Introduction, devotes himself to the rather unusual editorial task of picking holes in his author's narrative and impugning his veracity. Benyowsky was a Polish adventurer of the eighteenth century, one of those "plausible, amusing, and good-looking, but wholly unprincipled, Don Juans," says Captain Oliver, "who would fight under any leader where plunder was to be gained." He was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1769, but escaped shortly after and made his way to Kamchatka, from whence he sailed on his zig-zagging voyage in Behring Sea, the Sea of Ochotsk, and the North Pacific, arriving at Macao, after a series of remarkable "adventures" which form the basis of his narrative, in 1771. Judging from



internal evidence, and from discrepancies pointed out by the diligent and skeptical editor, the Count was almost as gifted a liar as Münchhausen. Certainly he was a more plausible one, for his story has provoked much learned discussion. The "Memoir" is something of a literary curiosity, and it may still be read with interest. There are several plates, including a portrait of the author.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

PRINCETON COLLEGE is rich in historical memories, and Mr. George R. Wallace, a recent graduate, has taken advantage of this fact in his volume of "Princeton Sketches" (Putnam). Mr. Wallace relates many episodes in the history of Princeton, from the reign of Dickinson to the reign of McCosh, and illustrates them with facsimiles of old documents and photographs of modern buildings. "The Princeton Idea" is the subject of the closing chapter,—and, as expounded by the author, an excellent idea it appears to be.

"APPLETONS' General Guide to the United States and Canada" for the year 1893, not greatly changed from former editions (except for an illustrated World's Fair appendix), makes its appearance in time for the uses of the summer tourist. The same publishers send us their new "Guide-Book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast," a work prepared by Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, and uniform with the two volumes of the "Canadian Guide-Book" of Messrs. Roberts and Ingersoll. These books are illustrated, which we think is a mistake, and their maps and plans leave much to be desired.

THE "Latin Lessons" (Houghton) of Messrs. Henry Preble and Lawrence C. Hull, are "designed to prepare for the intelligent reading of classical Latin prose." They are based upon the standard grammars (Andrews and Stoddard, Allen and Greenough, Gildersleeve, Harkness), but may be used independently of any other book. There is an extensive vocabulary. Mr. A. S. Cook has edited Leigh Hunt's "What is Poetry?" (Ginn) for the use of students of English. The latest modern language texts are "Le Piano de Jeanne" and "Qui Perd Gagne" (Sower Co.), by M. Francisque Sarcey edited by Mr. Edward H. Magill, and "L'Histoire de la Mère Michel et de Son Chat" (Heath), by M. de la Bedollière, edited by Mr. W. H. Wrench.

THE "Shrubs of Northeastern America" (Putnam), by Mr. Charles S. Newhall, is a companion volume to the author's handbook of our native trees, published two years or so ago. The analytical guides, three in number (based on flowers, leaves, and fruit), are simple and adequate. There are over a hundred pages of outline illustrations. Thirty-four orders are represented, and more than twice that number of genera. Mr. Newhall is preparing a similar work on vines. The amateur botanist has much reason to be grateful to the author for these helpful handbooks.

VOLUME XXXV. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) extends from MacCarwell to Maltby. The "Macs" get the major share of the articles, and among them we note Macduff, Earl of Fife (whose name seems strange enough in this connection), Macready, and James Macpherson. Later in the volume come Father Prout, Sir Henry Maine, and Sir Thomas Malory, three worthies whom one does not usually think of grouping together.

"WHITTIER with the Children," by Miss Margaret Sidney, and "A Song of the Christ," by Miss Harriet Adams Sawyer, are two pretty gift-books published by the D. Lothrop Co. The former is in prose and the latter in verse, and both are illustrated. "An Octave to Mary" (Murphy), by Mr. John B. Tabb, is also a gift-book, oblong in shape and comprising eight simple religious poems. The booklet is given distinction by its frontispiece, which reproduces in photogravure an "Annunciation" by Mr. E. Burne-Jones.

"SHIRLEY," in two volumes, follows "Jane Eyre" in the exquisite Dent edition of the Brontës. Mr. William Black's "Yolande" and "Judith Shakespeare" (the latter one of his three or four most successful novels) are the latest additions to the popular Harper reprint of his works. And at last, with illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne, appears "Ivanhoe" in the Dryburgh "Waverley," published by the Macmillans.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

The death of Mr. Wilson Graham, who undertook five years ago the preparation of the Chaucer Concordance, leaves the completion of the work to his colleague, Dr. Flügel, of Stanford University, to whom all outstanding slips should now be sent.

At the Zola dinner mentioned in our last issue, the following bit of dialogue is reported to have taken place: General Jung said to M. Zola, "You have written 'La Débâcle'; I hope you will write 'La Victoire.'" M. Zola replied, "That, General, is more your business than mine."

The following inscription is borne by the tablet recently placed upon the Palazzo Verospi, at Rome: "A Percy Bysshe Shelley, che nella primavera del 1819 scrisse in questa casa 'Il Prometeo' e 'La Cenci.' Il Comune di Roma, cento anni dopo la nascita del poeta, sostenitore invitto della libertà popolata, avversato ai suoi tempi da tutta Europa, pose questo ricordo, 1892."

One Babu Sarat Chandra Das, a Bengali pundit, who lived for some time in a Buddhist monastery at Lhasa, and who brought back with him a thorough knowledge of Tibetan language and literature, is now engaged upon an exhaustive dictionary of Tibetan, to be published by the government of India. He has also found time to write a popular narrative of his travels and experiences in Tibet, and thus throw open to English readers a country that has been closed for more than a century.

The death-roll for July includes two names of high rank,—that of Guy de Maupassant, who died on the 6th, and that of Henry Nettleship, whose death was reported on the 10th. Maupassant was born in 1850, trained himself for literary work under the direction of Flaubert, and during the last dozen years of his life was a prolific writer of novels and short stories—always admirable in manner, often far from admirable in matter. The story of his illness is too fresh in the public mind to need recounting. Professor Nettleship had not more than three or four equals among recent classical scholars in England. He was born in 1839, and was identified with Oxford throughout the greater part of his career. In 1878, he became Corpus Professor of Latin, thus filling the chair formerly occupied by his old master and friend, Professor Conington. He completed Conington's "Virgil" and "Persius," published

many papers on classical philology, and devoted many years to a proposed Latin-English lexicon, planned, then afterwards abandoned, by the Clarendon Press.

Mr. Walter Besant, the English novelist, who attended the recent Authors' Congress at Chicago as a delegate from the British Society of Authors, has written the following appreciative letter to the President of the Auxiliary Congresses, by whom it is given to the public.

CHARLES C. BONNEY, Esq.,

*President World's Congress Auxiliary.*

DEAR SIR:—At the moment of leaving Chicago and the Literary Conference, I beg permission, in the name of Dr. Spriggs and myself, and of the organization which we represented at your Congress, to convey to you as president, and to the committee of organization of the Literary department, first, our most sincere congratulations on the success of the Congress which is to-day concluded; second, our most sincere thanks for the arrangements made for the reception of the English contributors, and for the great personal kindness shown to us and the trouble taken for us.

Many papers were read most helpful and suggestive; a great stimulus has been given to the consideration of all subjects connected with the advance of our common literature—a literature growing daily more international, while on both sides of the Atlantic it will preserve its natural distinctions. I venture to express the earnest hope that in the interests of both countries the papers read and the speeches made during this week may be edited—i. e., reduced and condensed—and published, and sent to all the principal libraries in the world of the Republic and the English Empire.

Permit me, sir, if I may do so as a simple visitor, without the appearance of impertinence, to congratulate your splendid city on the place which this Exposition has enabled it to take among the great mother cities of the world. Among all your business activities, and in the eager pressing forward of your people, rejoicing in a vigorous youth, confident in a splendid future, reckless of what they spend because of the strength and resources within them, I rejoice to find springing up a new literature. Whatever be the future of this literature, which rises on the frontier line of East and West, it will be at least free from the old traditions. I wish for your authors that independence which we in the old country are struggling to conquer; at least it will be their fault if they do not achieve it at the outset—not the fault of the national character, nor the fault of this Literary Congress.

I leave your city with memories of the greatest kindness and hospitality. I can never sufficiently thank my friends here for their friendliness. I carry away a delightful memory, not so much of a Chicago rich, daring, young, and confident, as of a Chicago which has conceived and carried into execution the most beautiful and poetic dream—a place surpassing the imagination of man, as man is commonly found—and a Chicago loving the old literature, discerning and proving that which is new, and laying the foundations for that which is to come,—a Chicago which is destined to become the centre of American literature in the future.

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

WALTER BESANT.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

*August, 1893.*

Academic and Technical Instruction. N. S. Shaler. *Atlantic*.  
Animal Speech. E. P. Evans. *Popular Science*.  
Art and Shoddy. Frederic Harrison. *Forum*.  
Astronomy in America. E. S. Holden. *Forum*.  
Auxiliary Congresses, The. *Dial*.  
Belcher, Jonathan, Royal Governor of Massachusetts. *Atlan*.  
Breathing Movements. Illus. T. J. Mays. *Century*.  
California, Division of. M. M. Estee, Abbott Kinney. *Cal'n*.  
Chinese Six Companies. R. H. Drayton. *Californian*.  
Congress and the Financial Crisis. *Forum*.  
Cup Defenders. Illus. W. P. Stephens. *Century*.

European Literature of a Year. *Dial*.  
Evolution and Man. Paul Shorey. *Dial*.  
Explorer, Taaks for the. A. Heilprin. *Forum*.  
Fez. Illus. Stephen Bonsal. *Century*.  
Frogs' Color Changes. Illus. C. M. Weed. *Popular Science*.  
Greenwich Village. Illus. T. A. Janvier. *Harper*.  
Honey and Honey Plants. G. G. Groff. *Popular Science*.  
How My Character Was Formed. Georg Ebers. *Forum*.  
Italian Gardens. Illus. C. A. Platt. *Harper*.  
Japanese Art, Contemporary. Illus. E. F. Fenollosa. *Century*.  
Joan of Arc. Octave Thanet. *Dial*.  
Journalism, Inside Views of. *Forum*.  
Kentucky Beauties. Illus. Sarah H. Henton. *Californian*.  
Learn and Search. Rudolph Virchow. *Popular Science*.  
Letters of Phillips Brooks to Children. *Century*.  
Lightning, Protection from. Illus. *Popular Science*.  
Mark Twain's Recent Works. F. R. Stockton. *Forum*.  
Material and Spiritual. Graham Lusk. *Popular Science*.  
Murat, Prince and Princess, in Florida. *Century*.  
Navajo Blankets. J. J. Peatfield. *Californian*.  
Newnham College's First Principal. *Atlantic*.  
Newspaper Correspondents. Illus. Julian Ralph. *Scribner*.  
North, Marianna, Further Recollections. *Dial*.  
Oil on the Sea. Illus. G. W. Littlehales. *Popular Science*.  
Petrarch's Correspondence. *Atlantic*.  
Plant and Animal Growth. Manly Miles. *Popular Science*.  
Sealing in the Atlantic. *Popular Science*.  
Siam. Illus. S. E. Carrington. *Californian*.  
Taylor, Zachary. Illus. Annah R. Watson. *Lippincott*.  
Tolstoy the Younger and the Famine. Illus. *Century*.  
Tramp Census and Its Revelations. J. J. McCook. *Forum*.  
Tunis, Riders of. Illus. T. A. Dodge. *Harper*.  
Washington and Baltimore Sanitation. J. S. Billings. *Forum*.  
Washington in 1800-1. H. L. Dawes. *Atlantic*.  
Weismann's Theories. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science*.  
Witchcraft Revival. Ernest Hart. *Popular Science*.  
World's Fair Types. Illus. J. A. Mitchell. *Scribner*.  
Zorn, Anders. Illus. Mrs. S. van Rensselaer. *Century*.

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